FREE SOCIETY

A PERIODICAL OF ANARCHIST THOUGHT, WORK, AND LITERATURE.

VOL. IX. NO. 13. CHICAGO, SUNDAY, MARCH 30, 1902. WHOLE NO. 355.

Bohemia.

In the land where all law is a shadow,
On the seas where each port is a bier,
I have found me a free El Dorado,
A life that is unhaunted by fear.

I have found me a chamber to dwell in,
And have carven a seat and a shelf;
Wrought a chest that were meet for Greek Helen;
My walls I have pictured myself.

I have found me an angel who blesses
To sweetness my bread and my wine;
She shakes light from from her radiant tresses;
The love in her face is divine.

I have found me few friendships but steady,
Outspoken, gruff, resolute folk,
Who have weathered life's storm and sea's eddy,
And tamed the fierce fates to a yoke.

I have found me a vista that reaches
A tangent away into space,
Where the sky's pearly cloud wave just beaches
The rim of the moon's face.

I have found me a river called Lethe,
And its waters have healed me like death,
From its shore, robes in calm, I can see the
Old Past draw his laboring breath.

I have found me wild forests and pathless.
Farewell! I am vanishing there,
For I find the dear dumb beasts more wrathless
And kind than the Christian bear.

—MIRIAM DANIELL.

—o—

Anarchism in Literature.

In the long sweep of seventeen hundred years which witnessed the engulfment of a moribund Roman civilization, together with its borrowed Greek ideals, under the red tide of a passionate barbarism that leaped to embrace the idea of Triumph over Death and spat upon the Grecian Joys of Life with the superb contempt of the Norse savage, there was, for Europe and America, but one great animating Word in Art and Literature—Christianity. It boots not here to inquire how close or how remote the Christian ideal as it developed was in comparison with the teachings of the Nazarene. Distorted, blackened, almost effaced, it was yet some faint echo from the hillsides of Olivet, some indistinct vision of the Cross, some dull perception of the white glory of renunciation, that shaped the dreams of the evolving barbarian, and moulded all his work, whether in stone or clay, upon canvass or parchment. Wherever we turn we find a general fixity of caste, an immovable solidity of orders built upon orders, an unquestioning subordination of the individual, ruling every effort of genius. Ascetic shadow upon all; nowhere does a sun-ray of self-expression creep, save as thru water, thin and perturbed. The theologic pessimism which appealed to the fighting man as a proper extension of his own superstition—perhaps hardly that, for Heaven was but a change of name for Valhalla,—fell heavily upon the man of dreams, whose creations must come forth, lifeless, after the uniform model, who must bless and ban not as he saw before his eyes but as the one eternal purpose demanded.

At last the barbarian is civilized; he has accomplished his own refinement—and his own rottenness. Still he preaches (and practises) contempt of death—when others do the dying! Still he preaches submission to the will of God—but that others may submit to him! Still he proclaims the Cross—but that others may bear it. Where Rome was in the glut of her vanity and her blood-drunkenness—limbs wound in cloth of gold suppurating with crime, head boastfully nodding as Jove and feet rocking upon slipping slime—there stand the Empires and Republics of those whose forefathers slew Rome.

And now for these three hundred years the Men of Dreams have been watching the Christian Ideal go bankrupt. One by one as they have dared, and each according to his mood, they have spoken their minds; some have reasoned, and some have laughed, and some have appealed, logician, satirist, and exhorter all feeling in their several ways that humanity stood in need of a new moral ideal. Consciously or unconsciously, within the pale of the Church or without, this has been "the spirit moving upon the face of the waters" within them, and at last the creation is come forth, the dream that is to touch the heart-strings of the World anew, and make it sing a stronger song than any it has sung of old. Mark you, it must be stronger, wider, deeper, or it cannot be at all. It must sing all that has been sung, and something more. Its mission is not to deny the past but to reaffirm it and explain it, all of it; and today to, and tomorrow too.

And this Ideal, the only one that has power to stir the moral pulses of the world, the only Word that can quicken "Dead Souls" who wait this moral resurrection, the only Word which can animate the dreamer, poet, sculptor, painter, musician, artist of chisel or pen, with power to fashion forth his dream, is ANARCHISM. For Anarchism means fullness of being. It means the return of Greek radiance of life, Greek love of beauty, without Greek indifference to the common man; it means Christian earnestness and Christian Communism without Christian fanaticism and Christian gloom and tyranny. It means this because it means perfect freedom, material and spiritual freedom.

The light of Greek idealism failed because with all its love of life and the infinite diversity of beauty, and all the glory of its free intellect, it never conceived of material freedom; to it the Helot was as eternal as the Gods. Therefore the Gods passed away, and their eternity was as a little wave of time.

The Christian ideal has failed because with all its sublime Communism, its doctrine of universal equality, it was bound up with a spiritual tyranny seeking to mould into one pattern the thoughts of all humanity, stamping all men with the stamp of submission, throwing upon all the dark umber of *life lived for the purpose of death*, and fruitful of all other tyrannies.

Anarchism will succeed because its message of freedom comes down the rising wind of social revolt first of all to the common man, the material slave, and bids him know that he, too, should have an independent will, and the free exercise thereof; that no philosophy, and no achievement, and no civilization is worth considering or achieving, if it does not mean that he shall be free to labor at what he likes and when he likes, and freely share all that free men choose to produce; that he, the drudge of all the ages, is the corner-stone of the building without whose sure and safe position no structure can nor should endure. And likewise it comes to him who sits in fear of himself, and says: "Fear no more, neither what is without or within. Search fully and freely your Self; hearken to all the voices that rise from that abyss from which you have been commanded to shrink. Learn for yourself what these things are. Belike what they have told you is good, is bad; and this cast mould of goodness, a vile prison-house. Learn to decide your own measure of restraint. Value for yourself the merits of selfishness and unselfishness; and strike you the balance between these two: for if the first be all accredited you make slaves of others, and if the second your own abasement raises tyrants over you; and none can decide the matter for you so well as you for yourself, for even if you err you learn by it, while if he errs the blame is his, and if he advises well the credit is his, and you are nothing. *Be yourself;* and by self-expression learn self-restraint. The wisdom of the ages lies in the reassertion of all past positivisms, and the denial of all negations, that is, all that has been chained by the individual for himself is good, but every denial of the freedom of another is bad; whereby it will be

seen that many things supposed to be claimed for oneself involve the freedom of others and must be surrendered because they do not come within the sovereign limit, while many things supposed to be evil, since they in no-wise infringe upon the liberty of others are wholly good, bringing to dwarfed bodies and narrow souls the vigor and full growth of healthy exercise, and giving a rich glow to life that had else paled out like a lamp in a grave-vault."

To the sybarite it says, Learn to do your own share of hard work; you will gain by it; to the "Man with the Hoe," Think for yourself and boldly take your time for it. The division of labor which makes of one man a Brain and of another a Hand is evil. Away with it.

This is the ethical gospel of Anarchism to which these three hundred years of intellectual ferment have been leading. He who will trace the course of literature for three hundred years will find innumerable bits of drift here and there, indicative of the moral and intellectual revolt. Protestantism itself, in asserting the supremacy of the individual conscience, fired the long train of thought which inevitably leads to the explosion of all forms of authority. The great political writers of the eighteenth century, in asserting the right of self-government, carried the line of advance one step further. America had her Jefferson declaring:

"Societies exist under three forms: 1. Without government as among the Indians. 2. Under governments wherein every one has a just influence. 3. Under governments of force. It is a problem not clear in my mind that the first condition is not the best."

She had, or she and England together had, her Paine, more mildly asserting:

"Governments are, at best, a necessary evil."

And England had also Godwin, who, tho still milder in manner and consequently less effective during the troublous period in which he lived, was nevertheless more deeply radical than either, presaging that application of the political ideal to economic concerns so distinctive of modern Anarchism.

"My neighbor," says he, "has just as much right to put an end to my existence with dagger or poison as to deny me that pecuniary assistance without which I must starve."

Nor did he stop here: he carried the logic of individual sovereignty into the chiefest of social institutions, and declared that the sex relation was a matter concerning the individuals sharing it only. Thus he says:

"The institution of marriage is a system of fraud. . . . Marriage is law and the worst of all laws. . . . Marriage is an affair of property and the worst of all properties. So long as two human beings are forbidden by positive institution to follow the dictates of their own mind prejudice is alive and vigorous. . . . The abolition of marriage will be attended with no evils. We are apt to consider it to ourselves as the harbinger of brutal lust and depravity; but it really happens in this, as in other cases, that the positive laws which are made to restrain our vices, irritate and multiply them."

The grave and judicial style of "Political Justice" prevented its attaining the great popularity of "The Rights of Man," but the indirect influence of its author bloomed in the rich profusion of Shelleyan fancy, and in all that coterie of young litterateurs who gathered about Godwin as their revered teacher.

Nor was the principle of no-government without its vindication from one who moved actively in official centers, and whose name has been alternately quoted by conservatives and radicals, now with veneration, now with execration. In his essay "On Government" Edmund Burke, the great political weathercock, aligned himself with the germinating movement towards Anarchism when he exclaimed: "They talk of the abuse of government; the thing, the thing itself is the abuse!" This aphoristic utterance will go down in history on its own merits, as the sayings of great men often do, stripped of its accompanying explanations. Men have already forgotten to inquire how and why he said it; the words stand, and will continue a living message, long after the thousands of sheets of rhetoric which won him the epithet of "the Dinner-bell of the House" have been relegated to the dust of museums.

In later days an essayist whose brilliancy of style and capacity for getting on all sides of a question connect him with Burke in some manner as his spiritual offspring, has furnished the Anarchists with one of their most frequent quotations. In his essay on "John Milton," Macaulay declares, "The only cure for the evils of newly acquired liberty is—more liberty." That he nevertheless possessed a strong vein of conservatism, sat in parliament, and took part in legal measures, simply proves that he had his tether and could not go the length of his own logic; that is no reason others should not. The Anarchists accept this fundamental declaration and proceed to its consequence.

But the world-thought was making way, not only in England, where, indeed, constitutional phlegmatism, tho stirred beyond its wont by the events of the close of the last century, acted frigidly upon it, but thruout Europe. In France, Rabelais drew the idyllic picture of the Abbey of Thelemes, a community of persons agreeing to practise complete individual freedom among themselves.

Rousseau, however erroneous his basis for the "Social Contract," moved all he touched with his belief that humanity was innately good, and capable of so manifesting itself in the absence of restrictions. Furthermore his "Confessions" appears the most famous forerunner of the tendency now shaping itself in Literature—that of the free expression of a whole man—not in his stage-character only, but in his dressing-room, not in his decent, scrubbed and polished moral clothes alone, but in his vileness and his meanness and his folly, too, these being indisputable factors in his moral life, and no solution but a false one to be obtained by hiding them and playing they are not there. This truth, acknowledged in America, in our own times, by two powerful writers of very different cast, is being approached by all the manifold paths of the soul's travel. "I have in me the capacity for every crime," says Emerson the transcendentalist. And Whitman, the stanch proclaimer of blood and sinew, and the gospel of the holiness of the body, makes himself one with drunken revelers and the creatures of debauchery as well as with the anchorite and the Christ-soul, that fulness of being may be declared. In the genesis of these declarations we shall find the "Confessions."

It is not the Social Contract alone that is open to the criticism of having reasoned from false premises; all the early political writers we have named were equally mistaken, all suffering from a like insufficiency of facts. Partly this was the result of the habit of thought fostered by the Church for seventeen hundred years,—which habit was to accept by faith a sweeping generalization and fit all future discoveries of fact into it; but partly also it is in the nature of all idealism to offer itself, however vaguely in the mist of mind-struggle, and allow time to correct and sharpen the detail. Probably initial steps will always be taken with blunders, while those who are not imaginative enough to perceive the half-shapen figure will neverthless accept it later and set it upon a firm foundation.

This has been the task of the modern historian, who, no less than the political writer, consciously or unconsciously, is swayed by the Anarchistic ideal and bends his services towards it. It is understood that when we speak of history we do not allude to the unspeakable trash contained in public school text-books (which in general resemble a cellar junk-shop of chronologies, epaulettes, bad drawings, and silly tales, and are a striking instance of the corrupting influence of State management of education, by which the mediocre, nay the absolutely empty, is made to survive), but history which is undertaken with the purpose of discovering the real course of the development of human society. Among such efforts, the broken but splendid fragment of his stupendous project, is Buckle's "History of Civilization,"--a work in which the author breaks away utterly from the old method of history writing, viz. that of recording court intrigues, the doings of individuals in power as a matter of personal interest, the processions of military pageant, to inquire into the real lives and conditions of the people, to trace their great upheavals, and in what consisted their progress. Gervinus in Germany, who, within only recent years, drew upon himself a prosecution for treason, took a like method, and declared that progress consists in a steady decline of centralized power and the development of local autonomy and the free federation.

Supplementing the work of the historian proper, there has arisen a new class of literature, itself the creation of the spirit of free inquiry, since, up till that had asserted itself, such writings were impossible, it embraces a wide range of studies into the conditions and psychology of prehistoric Man, of which Sir John Lubbock's works will serve as the type. From these, dark as the subject yet is, we are learning the true sources of all authority, and the agencies which are rendering it obsolete; moreover, a curious cycle of development reveals itself; namely, that starting from the point of no authority unconsciously accepted, Man, in the several manifestations of his activity, evolves thru stages of belief in many authorities to one authority, and finally to *no authority* again, but this time conscious and reasoned.

Crowning the work of historian and prehistorian, comes the labor of the sociologist. Herbert Spencer, with infinite patience for detail and marvelous power of classification and generalization, takes up the facts of the others, and deduces from them the great Law of Equal Freedom: "A man should have the freedom to do whatsoever he wills, provided that in the doing thereof he infringes not the equal freedom of every other man." The early edition of "Social Statics" is a logical, scientific, and bold statement of the great fundamental freedoms which Anarchists demand.

From the rather taxing study of authors like these, it is a relief to turn to those intermediate writers who dwell between them and the pure fictionists, whose writings are occupied with the facts of life as related to the affections and aspirations of humanity, among whom, "representative men," we immediately select Emerson, Thoreau, Edward Carpenter. Now, indeed, we cease to reason upon the past evolution of liberty, and begin to feel it; begin to reach out after what it *shall* mean. None who are familiar with the thought of Emerson can fail to recognize that it is spiritual Anarchism; from the serene heights of self-possession, the Ego looks out upon its possibilities, unawed by aught without. And he who has dwelt in dream by Walden, charmed by that pure life he has not himself led but wished that, like Thoreau, he might lead, has felt that call of the Anarchistic Ideal which pleads with men to renounce the worthless luxuries which enslave them and those who work for them, that the buried soul which is doomed to mummy cloths by the rush and jangle of the chase for wealth, may answer the still small voice of the Resurrection, there, in the silence, the solitude, the simplicity of the free life.

A similar note is sounded in Carpenter's "Civilization: Its Cause and Cure," a work which is likely to make the "Civilizer" see himself in a very different light than that in which he usually beholds himself. And again the same vibration shudders thru "The City of Dreadful Night," the masterpiece of an obscure genius who was at once essayist and poet of too high and rare a quality to catch the ear stunned by strident commonplaces, but loved by all who seek the violets of the soul, one Thomson, known to literature as "B. V." Similarly obscure, and similarly sympathetic is the "English Peasant," by Richard Heath, a collection of essays so redolent of abounding love, so overflowing with understanding for characters utterly contradictory, painted so tenderly and yet so strongly, that none can read them without realizing that here is a man, who, whatever he *believes* he believes, in reality desires freedom of expression for the whole human spirit, which implies for every several unit of it.

Something of the Emersonian striving after individual attainment plus the passionate sympathy of Heath is found in a remarkable book, which is too good to have obtained a popular hearing, entitled "The Story of My Heart." No more daring utterance was ever given voice than this: "I pray to find the Highest Soul,—greater than deity, better than God." In the concluding pages of the tenth chapter of this wonderful little book occur the following lines:

"That any human being should dare to apply to another the epithet of 'pauper' is to me the greatest, the vilest, the most unpardonable crime that could be committed. Each human being, by mere birth, has a birthright in this earth and all its productions; and if they do not receive it, then it is they who are injured; and it is not the 'pauper'—oh! inexpressibly wicked word! —it is the well-to-do who are the criminals. It matters not in the least if the poor be improvident, drunken, or evil in any way. Food and drink, roof and clothes, are the inalienable right of every child born into the light. If the world does not provide it freely —not as a grudging gift, but as a right, as the son of the house sits down to breakfast, —then is the world mad. But the world is not mad, only in ignorance."

In catholic sympathy like this, in heart-hunger after a wider righteousness, a higher idea than God, does the Anarchistic ideal come to those who have lived thru old phases of religious and social beliefs and "found them wanting." It is the Shelleyan outburst:

"More life and fuller life we want."

He was the Prometheus of the movement, he, the wild bird of song, who flew down into the heart of storm and night, singing, unutterably sweet the song of the free man and woman as he passed. Poor Shelley! Happy Shelley! He died not knowing the triumph of his genius; but also he died while the white glow within was yet shining higher, higher! In the light of it, he smiled above the world; had he lived, he might have died alive, as Swinburne and as Tennyson whose old days belie their early strength. Yet men will remember:

"Slowly comes a hungry people as a lion drawing nigher,
Glares at one who nods and winks beside a slowly dying fire,"

and

"Let the great World swing forever down the ringing grooves of Change,"

and

"Glory to Man in the highest for Man is the Master of Things"

and

"While three men hold together,
The kingdoms are less by three,"

until the end "of kingdoms and of kings," tho their authors "take refuge in the kingdom" and quaver palsied hymns to royalty with their cracked voices and broken lutes. For this is the glory of the living ideal, that all that is in accord with it lives, whether the mouthpiece thru which it spoke would recall it or not. The manifold voice which is one speaks out thru all the tongues of genius in its greatest moments, whether it be a Heine writing, in supreme contempt,

"For the Law has got long arms,
Priests and Parsons have long tongues
And the People have long ears,"

a Nekrassoff cursing the railroad built of men, a Hugo painting the battle of the individual man "with Nature, with the Law, with Society," a Lowell crying:

"Law is holy: ay, but what law? Is there nothing more divine
Than the patched up broils of Congress,—venal, full of meat and wine?
Is there, say you, nothing higher—naught, God save us, that transcends
Laws of cotton texture wove by vulgar men for vulgar ends?
Law is holy: but not your law, ye who keep the tablets whole
While ye dash the Law in pieces, shatter it in life and soul."

and again

"One faith against a whole world's unbelief,
One soul against the flesh of all mankind."

Nor do the master dramatists lag behind the lyric writers; they, too, feel the intense pressure within which is, quoting the death-word of a man of far other stamp, "germinal." Ibsen's drama, intensely real, common, accepting none of the received rules as to the conventional plot, but having to do with serious questions of the lives of the plain people, holds ever before us the supreme duty of truth to one's inner being in defiance of Custom and Law; it is so in Nora, who renounces all notions of family duty to "find herself"; it is so in Dr. Stockman, who maintains the rectitude of his own soul against the authorities and against the mob; it should have been so in Mrs. Alving, who learns too late that her yielding to social custom has brought a fore-ruined life into the world besides wrecking her own; the Master Builder, John Gabriel Borkman, all his characters are created to vindicate the separate soul supreme within its sphere; those that are miserable and in evil condition are so because they have not lived true to themselves but in obedience to some social hypocrisy. Gerhard Hauptmann likewise feels the new pulsation: he has no hero, no heroine, no intrigue; his picture is the image of the headless and tailless body of struggle,—the struggle of the common man. It begins in the middle, it ends in nothing—as yet. To end in defeat would be to premise surrender—a surrender humanity does not intend; to triumph would be to anticipate the future, and paint life other than it is. Hence it ends where it began, in murmurs. Thus his "Weavers." Octave Mirbeau, likewise, offers his criticism on a world of sheep in "The Bad Shepherds," and Sara Bernhardt plays it. In England and America we have another phase of the rebel drama—the drama of the bad woman, as a distinct figure in social creation with a right to be herself. Have we not the "Second Mrs. Tankeray" who comes to grief thru an endeavor to conform to a moral standard that does not fit? And have we not Zaza, who is worth a thousand of her respectable lover and his respectable wife? And does not all the audience go home in love with her? And begin to quest the libraries for literary justifications of their preference?

And these are not hard to find, for it is in the novel particularly, the novel which is the special creation of the last century, that the new ideal is freest. In a recent essay in reply to Walter Besant, Henry James pleads most Anarchistically for this freedom in the novel. All such pleas will always come as justifications, for as to the freedom it is already won, and all the formalists from Besant to the end of days will never tempt the litterateurs into chains again. But the essay is well worth reading as a specimen of right reasoning on art. As

(Continued on page six.)

FREE SOCIETY

Formerly THE FIREBRAND.

Published Weekly by.....A. ISAAK.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

Address all Communications and make all Money Orders payable to FREE SOCIETY, 515 CARROLL AVE., Chicago, Ill.

Entered at the Chicago post office as second-class matter, October 29, 1901.

The publishers as such are not necessarily in agreement with any opinions expressed by the contributors.

ANARCHY.—A social theory which regards the union of orderwith the absence of all direct government of man by man as the political ideal; absolute individua liberty.—Century Dictionary.

CHICAGO, SUNDAY, MARCH 30, 1902.

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If these figures correspond with the number printed on the wrapper of your FREE SOCIETY, your subscription expires with this number.

Notes.

Comrade Mary Hansen of Philadelphia, to whom some have attributed the authorship of "A Catechism of Anarchy," requests us to state that it is a Communistic production, belonging to the Anarchists of the Social Science Club. She wrote the original draft of it, and was then gone over by members of the club, and discussed, and revised and altered. The name of the club was not inserted on the leaflet for the reason that all the members of the club are not Anarchists.

—o—

Privacy of the Mails.

The mails carried by the postoffice are supposed to be absolutely private and inviolable. As an instance of how the government follows its own laws, we received a letter from Comrade A. Klemencic of Manila (published in this issue), which was opened. The Manila date of the postoffice is February 15, 12:30 p. m., that of Chicago March 22, 11 a. m. (indistinct). The front of the envelope bears the stamp, "Received at Sta. C, Chicago, Ill. | unsealed." On the back there is an official seal, having the words, "Post Office Department. | Officially Sealed. | United States of America." There is unmistakable trace of the fact that the letter had been properly sealed, but was carefully opened afterward. Who is responsible?

—o—

The Home Case.

The last issue of *Discontent* reports a complete victory for the comrades there. The case was postponed from March 4 to the 11th. The grand jury reindicted them, as the first indictments were found defective. The name of Chas. L. Govan was left out on this. When the trial had proceeded half a day, the judge declared that he had read the indicted articles in *Discontent*, and that they were not obscene. The jury was instructed to acquit, and the case was practically thrown out of court. The judge upheld the position of the defense in his decision.

The grand jury has also indicted Lois Waisbrooker and Mattie Penhallow on the same charge. Their trial was set for the July term. In catering to popular prejudices and newspaper howlings the grand jury went so far as to recommend the abolition of the postoffice at Home, which they sent to the postmaster general.

We congratulate the comrades on their splendid victory for free press and free mails.

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Splinters.

Very little is being heard about Senator Hoar's "Anarchy Isle" now. The terror and fright which the idea was to strike into the hearts of the Anarchists did not materialize. Perhaps our willingness made Papa Hoar suspect there was a joker in it. At any rate he seems to have backed down.

* * *

Recently it was announced that the writing on the original Declaration of Independence had entirely faded, so that it was a mere blank parchment. Now the light of the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor has been extinguished. This is entirely appropriate. There is no use in continuing the empty forms of what has disappeared in spirit.

* * *

The Senate has passed a measure which is called the "Anarchy bill," tho how it can affect the Anarchist propaganda is hard to see. The bill provides that those who advise the killing of the president, shall be guilty, etc., etc., and receive various dire penalties. Harmless individuals who occasionally lose their temper and say things, can be the only sufferers under this law. The slayers of rulers do not go on the housetops to advertise their intentions.

* * *

Senator Hawley of Connecticut, in the debate on the "Anarchy bill," stated that he had such an utter abhorrence of Anarchy that he would give $1,000 for a good shot at an Anarchist. The honored gentleman does not seem to be aware that probably every Monster Slayer has reasoned on the same line. But, having more courage, and being less mercenary, he is willing to give his life for a shot at the incarnation of a system which has aroused his abhorrence.

* * *

Some Freethinkers are still agitated over the fact that Roosevelt has styled Thomas Paine "a filthy little Atheist"; and propose to spend energy in an effort to get Roosevelt to retract. Thomas Paine's place among the liberators of mankind is secure. No such intellectual pigmies and foes of liberty as Roosevelt can detract from the lustre of his name. Indeed, it is an honor for Thomas Paine to be abused by such as the present incumbent of the presidential chair. "Woe unto you when all men speak well of you."

* * *

The constituted authorities anticipate imperial legislation, and carry out proposed laws before they are passed. Altho *lese-majesty* has not yet been made a legal offense in America, it is nevertheless punished. A drunken soldier in Portland, Ore., uttered some uncomplimentary remarks about McKinley and made threats against Roosevelt. He was forthwith court-martialed, branded as an Anarchist, and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. That he was probably insane, as reported, cuts no figure to the authorities.

JR.

John Peter Altgeld.

John Peter Altgeld is dead. Plutocracy and privilege draw an easier breath, while over his grave Hypocrisy sheds its tears, as it always does—its way of catching gudgeons.

Born in a distant land of plebeian parentage, he came to the new world at the tender age of eight; went to a country school and helped to work the farm until he was sixteen, when he enlisted as a Union soldier in the rebellion, after which he taught school and studied law; then became a practising attorney, and finally drifted to Chicago, where he embarked in land speculation; made about a million dollars; turned his attention to politics; was elected a judge on a combination Labor and Democratic ticket; made a reputation for legal scholarship and friendliness towards the toiler; was nominated and elected governor by the Democratic party of Illinois in 1892; and from that time to the night that nature cancelled his earthly existence he filled the public eye.

His first notable official act as chief executive of the State was his pardon of the Anarchists—Fielden, Neebe, and Schwab, and his vindication of their murdered comrades—Parsons, Spies, Engel, Fischer, and Lingg. When he threw open the doors of Joliet, and set the captives free, plutocracy and its official satelites gasped for breath; but when they saw and read his reasons, their rage knew no bounds. Every medium of public thought—press, public school, and college—was poisoned with mispresentations of the man and his motives. He could not have expected anything else from them. Had he not rounded up the bloodhounds of commercialism and placed them in the public pillory, bunched them together—the merchant princes, the captains of industry, the judges, the prosecuting attorneys, the police, preachers, the editors, the professors, and the other respectables who go to make up that reptilion combination known as officialdom—and wrote across their brows in indelible letters m-u-r-d-e-r-e-r-s? For more than eight years they have vainly tried to erase the bloody stain; but time has only made more plain the brand. It was in their power under prevailing conditions to retire him from public office, and they did it. It was in their power to break him financially, and they did it. He lost his office and his bank account, but he retained his character. The ministrel fell, but the foemen's chain could not bring his proud soul under.

Space will not permit a reference to his other official acts. He died under circumstances that are bound to keep his name fresh and green in the hearts of liberty lovers for many years to come; but the one act which paves his way to immortality was his pardon of the Anarchists.

T. P. QUINN.

—o—

To Poverty.

Poverty! Miserable curse of a plenteous earth, what horrors are conjured at your name! Shameful shadow, falling like a pall over the bright glow civilization would boastfully send forth, you darken every dream of beauty and purity that mortal dares to dwell upon! You drive him to despair, you hound him to the prison door, you call forth the evil within to fight your

encroachments, and you crush to earth his aspirations, his genius. Needless, hideous phantom that you are—thing created, not of nature but of men—what mystical words will banish you forever? Has the whole race lost the key to your existence? Is there no "Presto, change!" in the vocabulary of suffering humanity that will change you into something less like the fantasma of black art? You have no excuse for being! You push your ugly shadow around under the eaves of palaces, beneath the richest storehouses and thru the grandest, wealthiest streets, with the audacity of Satan! You go and brood like a great bird of prey over the green, fertile fields of the farmer! You sit like a great grim specter on the hearth of the man who digs more wealth than a hundred like him can use! You are the hated but familiar acquaintance of desolate, tired, workworn women; and you make little fiends, and idiots and automata of the children who should be frisking and laughing all day long in the glad sunshine. You are the most brazen-faced curse the world knows for you act as tho we wanted you and there was no such thing as proceeding without you.

You have no business here! Nature planned her arrangements with the express purpose of keeping you out of her domains. Man is strong enough to crush your wicked shadow into atoms—if he could grasp you. But you see that he does not do that. You are the evil genius called up by many methods and in so many different shapes that neither you, nor your conjurors can be seized in a firm, sure grip. You will not assume a deffinite form, nor tell what master summoned you, and thus you elude while you haunt and torture us all. Where you cannot creep, you send a dim, terrible resemblance of yourself—a specter that can go where it will—in the palace, in the quiet home, in the counting rooms where gold is heaped; that can drive men to deeds even you cannot evoke, that can crush love, affection, beauty and truth from the soul of man. It is the FEAR of you!

We spend much time in studying you, you monster! We puzzle over the problem of where you came from, and how you came, and how we can annihilate you, as we never puzzled over our schoolday problems. We devote a great deal of thought and learning to you; we analyze, pick you to pieces, turn you over and over; and some of us, seeing how inevitable you are, try to make out you are not so hideous after all, probably a blessing in disguise—always for somebody else however, never for ourselves. No individual ever gave you a welcome for himself. Oh, you are an important monster, you get notice enough—and that with your impudence, is what you want. Some of us have an idea of how you sneaked into the world, and how it is you keep your grip here so well. And we will go on until we find a way to kill you. Some believe they can conquer you in their own cases; but they only drive you away from themselves, you still exist and you torment other poor wretches all the more for exempting the few. Nothing but your utter destruction will answer, we will not be satisfied with your temporary banishment—we must have your execution! We have designs on you. Wait until we—not know you better, heavens! we know you but too well now, but until we learn all your weak points, and what pulls the strings which direct your baleful creepings. When more of mankind are awakened, your doom is sealed!

We are very philosophic about you—we who have studied you. We can discuss you in the abstract with great composure. But the miserable little details of every day life, where you creep about and pinch and annoy and distract us—ah! there you have us yet! The mean way you have of crowding in calculations of the grocer's bill and the contents of one's slim purse between the lines of one's best literary efforts; of mixing up plans, of making our clothes last thru another season with the constructive elements of an elaborate essay; of tearing away the halo which a feebly growing renown is building up about one's commonplaceness,—here is where your power over us never wanes.

I used to imagine as a child, a king always sitting in State on his throne with a crown on his head and a scepter in his hand; I could not imagine him in any other situation. I think most people weave about the personality of an author a sort of halo of glory or blessedness, and imagine him or her as always sitting at an elegant rosewood desk, in fine composure, ready at a moment's notice to receive visitors and be able to talk as well as they write. But you—you miserable desecrator of all beautiful fancies, you tear away the halo with fiendish laughter; you will show him up to some admiring visitor splitting wood at the back door in a ragged coat, or sifting ashes, the dustiest, shabbiest, forlornest object in the world. And your hateful, unbanishable ghost stalking at his side makes him forget his own powers and ability, and to talk like an idiot. To a woman, your own shadow is heavier and darker. She may succeed in weaving many sweet fancies about her personality in others' minds; she exists in a golden atmosphere to others; but when you, you ghoul, hover around her, let them come closer and she is found to be only a plain, shabby, stammering woman scrubbing the floor as stupidly as your stupidest victim.

Not always do you cause the greatest suffering where you do your worst work. Your victims starve and freeze to death; they pine in prisons and die in gutters; but often they feel no more exquisite pangs of pain than do those spirits who rendered sensitive by that civilization which pretends it cannot do without you, are made to feel by your modified, ceaseless presence.

No, you have no acceptable excuse for crowding among us uninvited. The world is bounteous, labor is generous, crying aloud for opportunity, yet here you come, tagging along after wealth as tho you were its shadow; tho of course if wealth must be piled into enourmous heaps, it will cast just such hideous shadows. But you're not wanted! And when enough of us realize that you do not belong here, and that even wealth does not want you—REMEMBER! OUT YOU GO!!

LIZZIE M. HOLMES.

—o—

Superstition, the mother of crimes.—Henry Hallam.

The General Strike.

For having said a few words in favor of a general strike, not as and end but a means—the end being the Social Revolution—I am very cleverly picked up by two different critics, who think I have wandered into error, and would fain set me right. As some good points were brought out by both critics, I feel myself obliged to add a word further to the discussion.

Taking them in order, I will reply first to "Interloper."

This comrade denies the existence of a "class struggle." And yet in the same article he refers to "a few unscrupulous scoundrels. . . . who live in idleness and luxury" off of "millions of producers." Here he has named the two *classes*, between whom there is and must be a STRUGGLE, since the one being the beneficiaries of the existing system, which, for that reason desire to maintain it, while the other class, as exploited victims, must as soon as they become *conscious* of their position as an exploited *class*, desire its destruction. Hence, the effort to overturn the present order must produce a conflict between the beneficiary class, who wish to uphold it, because of the benefit they derive from it, and the exploited class, who desire to emancipate themselves from the undesirable condititon in which they find themselves.

Interloper ridicules my suggestion that Anarchists, Socialists, and Single Taxers combine with the Trade Unionists to inaugurate the general strike. This is impossible, he says, because Socialists ridicule the strike and Single Taxers believe in the State. My contention was not that the different schools of economic thought should "shelve" their different and diverging ideas of constructive policy, in order to make the general strike a single issue. My idea was and is that the social reformers are but a handful, and as such will always be powerless at the ballot, as well as important for revolutionary action on any line. We, as an intelligent force, must move the masses to action as a blind force, trusting to right leadership and the force of circumstances to direct them to the goal.

Interloper, when he ridicules the possibility of this union of effort, displays considerable ignorance of history. I will remind him that the American Revolution was brought about by the combined efforts of men like Jefferson and Hamilton, who, in their ideas of what was to result from the revolution, were as wide apart as the polls. Also, he should remember that these men moved the people to revolt, not by telling them of the beauties of the republic to be established, but simply by directing their attention to a puerile side issue—the stamp tax—and no one will dispute that the American people never dreamed of independence or a republic until the revolution had made this result inevitable.

So I believe that the general strike, once inaugurated, will sweep the unawakened masses into the Social Revolution before they realize its real import.

The French Revolution was also the result of the united efforts of men of divergent ideals and aspirations. Lafayette and Marat certainly represented two extremes of thought, yet they combined their efforts for

a common purpose, viz. the overthrow of the aristocracy—and they succeeded. I think this answers all of Interloper's objections.

Kate Austin does not believe that the workers understand that they are the victims of an unjust social order. If they did, she is sure they would not be inactive as at present.

If the workers were *not* dissatisfied with their industrial condition, there would be no labor unions. If these people were ignorantly satisfied with existing arrangements, there would be no strikes. She assumes that, because they do not strike unitedly at the cause of their enslavement, they are not therefore dissatisfied.

But if she will take the trouble to question the workers themselves, she will hear a different story. They *are* dissatisfied. And the only reason why they do not act as a body is, that they are as widely divided upon the subject of action as the social reformers themselves. The workingmen who vote the Republican ticket do so hoping to better their condition. Others, honestly mistaken, vote the Democratic ticket, or the Populist ticket, or the Socialist ticket, and all of them are actuated by very similar motives. The fact that the working people are not all Anarchists, should not induce any Anarchist to think that they are satisfied with things as they are.

We, the social reformers, alone are responsible for the inaction of the masses. We, who cannot agree among ourselves, have no right to call the workers fools because they do not act. They will act if we will act, but the trouble is, we do not act. We talk. If we would only *act*—act together for a common purpose, viz., the *destruction* of the capitalistic class oligarchy, and if we would present a simple objective point, something to be easily grasped by the workers, we could move the countless millions of the discontented proletariat to action, and trust to the logic of events for the result of this action.

And the general strike is the feasible means to this end. The French Revolution began with a demand for bread. The American Revolution was inaugurated as a protest against a tax. The Social Revolution might be the logical issue of a general strike.

I am weary of talk. I want ACTION.

Ross Winn.

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Letter from the Philippines.

Since Mr. Pinkerton and his ilk of advocates so prominently advertise their desire to banish Anarchists to some island of the Philippine group, I thought it not out of place to send word from the other end of the line.

We Anarchists know the universal malady of the bourgeoisie and its composing microbes, and therefore can afford to be generous in regard to their common diseases; such as the gold fever, which puts them in periodical "delirium tremens," mining excitement, city lot booms, stock gambling, concert hall crazes, Anarchist scares, etc., just according to the epidemic of the season. In these times, they seem to suffer from the Anarchist scare, but as they are in deliriums, we need pay about the same attention to their ravings as to a drunken maniac.

However, if American politicians want to join the Russian knoutocrats, the Italian Mafia, and the French and Spanish Jesuites into the labyrinth of persecution to freedom in association, press and speech, it logically follows that the same methods will produce the same results. I am ready to change front and tactics if necessary, but not to relent my zeal in unndermining that brutal, enigmatical sphynx Authority, on whose account all the sufferings and crimes against human self-respect and dignity were endured. It is the ambition of my life to know and to combat this monster in his various forms and climes. It is a big job I admit, but I think it worth a MAN'S life.

On my arrival here, the atmosphere was rather heavy on my lungs for about two weeks, but since then I feel light and strong again. Most of the soil is of rich volcanic decay, with a profuse abundance of rain, which gives a luxurious growth of almost everything planted. The sun of course is rather warm, but as the soil is well soaked and gives way to evaporation, it is most of the time misty and cloudy if not raining. Northeastern breezes furnish fresh air from Alaskan waters, which makes life pleasant, healthy, and comfortable. There are no such extremes of heat and cold as in the American northeast. The scenery in its variety is very conspicuous and imposing in its endless combinations; still the most interesting places of scenic reputation are as yet "rebel territory" or under "military rule," and would cost me more trouble and money than I can afford just now for a visit. Manila is not dangerous to health because of the climate, but on account of an aggregation of about 300,000 inhabitants on the antiquated Spanish plan of centuries ago, at the convex of rice fields and low land. Mosquitos and ants are bothersome to some people—not to me.

The average of inhabitants are about the same in quality as the average of Europe. In fighting the Spanish outfit, some preferred the free life in the mountains. Those on the seashore and along navigable rivers could not so easily defy the cross and the bayonet. The most intelligent and influential of these were rewarded with a Jesuit education. The sons and daughters of those Jesuitical privileged form the backbone of the present Filipino bourgeoisie. The common people, lacking scholastic knowledge, had to work for a pittance or join the mountaineers.

Major Waller of the "marine corps," with 165 officers and men, also fifteen native carriers, with four days' rations, early in January undertook to "break record" chasing googoos (nickname for natives) in Samar. It turned out to be an almost two weeks' erring in the woods; and was finally saved from total perishing at the point of admitted cannibalism by a native boy, who showed them back to Basey, whence they came.

Result: A dozen or more skeletons bleeching in the jungle; the rest will be finished up in the hospitals or lunatic asylums as cripples for life, with a few exceptions. So says a lieutenant member of the expedition to a *Times* reporter in the hospital at Catbaloag, but for superior reasons his name is witheld from publication.

February 9 was payday in Cavite, which is garrisoned by the 28th Infantry. Some of the boys visited saloons, and got noisy when they came to the barracks, so they were transferred to the guardhouse. Private Richter was also there to swell the crowd on account of some other trifle, but had nothing to do with the joyouus comrades, according to the Manila *American*. The lieutenant of the guard commanded silence. This was obeyed for the time being, but soon the crowd began talking again, tho not louder than in common usage. Unfortunately for Richter, the "commander" recognized his voice, and ordered the sergeant to bind him. To this Richter objected, so he was gagged and given five buckets full of ice water slowly poured over his face with a dipper, while he was struggling and bleeding thru nose, ears, and eyes. When the "job" was nicely done, the surgeon was sent for, who declared to the loyal patriots present that their victim was dead long ago. Consequently he was buried next day, and that was the end of it, unless promotion for the lieutenant and the sergeant.

General Weiler, Smith, or something, is doing "good work" in "concentration" camps around here in Laguna and Batangas, to say nothing about prancing in Samar and Lyte. The result is much sympathy for Czolgosz, but little for McKinley.

What I could gather from the daily press, commencing November to February 12, amounts forty-three years six months prison among the "boys in blue" to stem the tide of Czolgosz sympathy. Private Manning, 9th Infantry, got ten years. On the other hand for our beloved McKinley, sympathizers are faring much cheaper that way. Such is the echo around here from that pistol shot in Buffalo.

A. Klemencic.

Manila, P. I.

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Anarchism in Literature.

(Continued from page three.)

in other modes of literary expression this tendency in the novel dates back; and it is strange enough that out of the mouth of a toady like Walter Scott should have spoken the free, devil-may-care, outlaw spirit (read notably "Quentin Durward"), which is, perhaps, the first phase of self-assertion that has the initial strength to declare itself against the tyranny of Custom; this is why it happens that the forerunners of social change are often shocking in their rudeness and contempt of manners, and, in fact, more or less uncomfortable persons to have to do with. But they have their irresistible charm all the same, and Scott, who was a true genius despite his toadyism, felt it and responded to it, by always making us love his outlaws best no matter how gently he dealt with kings. Another phase of the free man appears in George Borrow's rollicking, full-blooded, out-of-door gypsies who do not take the trouble to despise law, but simply ignore it, live unconscious of it altogether. Geo. Meredith, in another vain, develops the strong soul over-riding social barriers. Our own Hawthorne in his preface to the "Scarlet Letter," and still more in the "Marble Faun," depicts the vacuity of a life sucking a parasitic existence thru government organization, and asserts over and over that the only strength is in him or her—and it is noteworthy that the strongest is in "her"

—who resolutely chooses and treads an unbeaten path.

From far away Africa, there speaks again the note of soul rebellion in the exquisite "Dreams" of Olive Schreiner, wherethru "*The Hunter walks alone.*" Grant Allen, too, in numerous works, especially "The Woman who Did," voices the demand for self-hood. Morris gives us his idyllic "News from Nowhere." Zola, the fertile creator of dung-heaps crowned with lilies, whose pages reek with the stench of bodies, laboring, debauching, rotting, until the words of Christ cry loud in the ears of him who would put the vision away, "Whited sepulchres, full of dead men's bones and all uncleanliness,"—Zola is more than an unconscious Anarchist, he is a conscious one, has so proclaimed himself. And close beside him, a young Titan, free barbarian of heart, caustic Greek of head, Maxim Gorky, spokesmen of the Tramp, Visionary of the Despised. And over against these, austere, simple, but oh! so loving the critic who shows the world its faults but does not condemn, the man who first took the way of renunciation and then *preached* it, the Christian whom the Church casts out, the Anarchist whom the worst government in the world dares not slay, the author of "Resurrection" and "The Slavery of Our Times."

They come together, from the side of passionate hate and limitless love—the volcano and the sea—they come together in one demand, freedom from this wicked and debasing tyranny called Government, which makes indescribable brutes of all who feel its touch, but worse still of all who touch it.

As for contemporaneous light literature, there are magazine articles and papers innumerable displaying here and there the grasp of the idea. Have we not the *Philistine* and its witty editor, boldly proclaiming in Anarchistic spelling, "I am an Anarkist"? And about a year and a half since, Julian Hawthorne, writing in the Denver *Post*, inquired, "Did you ever notice that all the interesting people you meet are Anarchists?" Reason why: there is no other living dream to him who has character enough to be interesting. It is the uninteresting, the dull, the ready-made minds who go on accepting "Dead limbs of gibbeted gods," as they accept their dinner and their bed, which someone else prepares. Let two names, standing for strangely opposing appeals yet standing upon common ground, close this sketch,—two strong flashes of the prismatic fires which blend together in the white ray of our Ideal. The first, Nietzsche, he who proclaims "the Overman," the receiver of the mantle of Max Stirner, the scintillant rhetorician, the pride of Young Germany, who would have the individual acknowledge nothing, neither science, nor logic, nor any other creation of his thought, as having authority over him, its creator. The last, Whitman, the great sympathetic, all-inclusive Quaker, whose love knew no limits, who said to Society's most utterly despised outcast,

"Not until the sun excludes you, will I exclude you,"

and who, whether he be called poet, philosopher, or prophet, was supremely Anarchist, and in a moment of weariness with human slavery, cried:

"I think I could turn and live with animals, they seem
so placid and self-contained,
I stand and look at them long and long.
They do not sweat and whine about their conditions,
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their
sins,
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to
God;
Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the
mania of owning things;
Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived
thousands of years ago,
Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole
earth."

VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.

—o—

Listerism.

A copy of FREE SOCIETY of September 8, 1901, has just reached me with a "blue pencil" mark on p. 8 around my challenge to Mr. James to name one single advance in science for which we are indebted to vivisection, and his reply "Listerism."

When I said in my letter of challenge "I assert positively that he cannot PROVE a single one," I did not challenge him to ASSERT, but to PROVE; for I know how reckless some people are in their assertions.

For the benefit of those who are not familiar with the literature of surgery I will say right here, that vivisection had no more to do with that small amount of truth which is involved in "Listerism," than it had to do with the death of Henry George; tho the cruelty it teaches may have had some influence in leading the people to endorse the perfidy and cruelty of McKinley to the Filipinos, and the trampling upon the Constitution of the United States and repudiation of the doctrines of the Declaration of Independence by that criminal and the "gang of scoundrels" (vide the *Evening Post*) which surrounded him.

"Listerism" was an exaggeration of the doctrines of *cleanliness* taught and practised by every *good* surgeon; but neglected by the majority of practitioners until reduced to a system by Lister.

I know of no other good that has come out of the absurdities of the bacterial fad, than that they gave a seemingly scientific support to the methods of Lister; which apart from the doctrine and practise of strict cleanliness are fast losing their hold upon the surgical profession.

Vivisection had nothing to do either with the practise of cleanliness or its exaggerations. M. R. LEVERSON.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

REPLY.

Does Dr. Leverson mean to deny that twenty years ago the mortality after amputation was some twenty-five per cent, or that Listerism has brought it down to less than three? Does he deny that operations on the brain and bowels which would then have been thought wholly impossible are now performed daily with a growing percentage of success? Does he deny that a compound fracture was then about as bad as a shot thru the body, and is now little worse than a simple one? If he does, he knows less about surgery than I, a layman. If he admits these propositions, what does he mean by calling the method of this complete hygienic revolution an "exaggeration" of the cleanliness known to every good surgeon? I defy him to name the surgeon who, twenty years ago, thought it generally possible to heal wounds of his own making with the first intention. As to Listerism's losing ground, or vivisection's having as much to do with it as with Henry George's death, these are assertions too absurd for anything but contradiction, even before the ignorant dupes of an anti-vaccinator. I suggest to whoever would learn the value of Dr. Leverson's authority, that he ask the first half-dozen surgeons he can find how the antiseptic treatment came to be understood, and whether it is going out of fashion.

C. L. JAMES.

—o—

Appeal.

The National Labor Bureau, of Holland, has sent us the following appeal, addressed "To the Workers of all Countries":

"A labor dispute, of about the same character as that of Denmark in 1899, has broken out in Holland. At least this is the opinion of those who understand the situation. The delegates of the National Labor Bureau met February 7, 1902, and passed the following resolution:

"Whereas the United Employers are trying more and more to force strikers to resume work by means of lockout of workmen who are not involved in the dispute of employers and employes, and thus create inharmony among the workers and disrupt organized labor in order to more easily subdue the workers.

"Whereas it should be the aim and duty of all workers to resist the machinations of the United Employers; and further, that the best method of promoting such resistance effectively is to get all workers into trade unions, so as to be able to overcome the injustice of the employers by joint action, therefore be it

"Resolved, that everything available must be done to assist the workers in the building trades, the diamond workers in Amsterdam, and the weavers in Enschedé, in their stubborn fight against the employers.

"Comrades,—the lockout includes about 6,000 workers. Since five weeks 3,000 diamond workers have been thrown out of employment; and it will be easily understood that we have a hard task before us to keep these workers from starvation. The struggle has been forced upon the toilers, and we must do our utmost to assist them in securing a victory.

"Comrades of all countries, we reckon upon your assistance.

"Address all communications to J. W. Bonnet, Rosengracht 164, Amsterdam, Holland.

"THE COMMITTEE.
"J. N. VAN ZOMERN, Pres.
"G. VAN ERKEL, Sec."

—o—

"One way to stop the war taxes," sternly proclaims the Atlanta *Journal*, "would be to stop the war." A good way, also, to stop the government taxes would be to stop the government.—Chicago *Tribune*.

—o—

The Letter-Box.

H. W Kochn.—The distinction is merely nominal, as "somewhere around a half a million" is a sufficiently staggering number. But you should take note that Tolstoy "sinned" before the "awakening."

F. P. Y., Springfield, Mo.—Your letter read with interest and pleasure. It is true that we are apt to become impatient and despair of the future, but the world is advancing slowly and surely for better things. The masses are always conservative, and it takes many who "will never swerve from what they think is right" to at last awaken them. That so-called Socialists should join in persecuting you is a sad phenomena, and indicates what we can expect when they have "captured the government." Greetings.

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